a faint protest, Whether as a result of the repressive measures taken, or of the German Government's inability to furnish supplies when it required all available bombs for nearer and more hopeful enterprises, explosions engineered by the I.R.A. diminished with the coming of war. The Irish Question, like the Indian, the Egyptian, the Palestinian, the Cypriot, the Maltese, all questions save one, lapsed, at any rate temporarily, into obscurity.

IV

The doom of all who invest imaginative hopes in earthly enterprises and mortal men, is for these enterprises and men to triumph. In fertilising the Church, the blood of the saints is ironically used, and prophets, who do not reject the kingdoms of the earth when they are offered, must always be disappointed. Mr. Wyndham Lewis finds a hero in Hitler, and some years later has pogroms on his hands; Henri Barbusse, looking for loving-kindness in a cruel world, glorifies Stalin, and before long he is glorifying purges; the Children of Israel are to return to their homeland, wandering no more, and murderous strife results; W. B. Yeats deserts his poetic seclusion to become a patriot, and later a senator, and in Eire is left repining, deprived at last even of senatorial rights and responsibilities. Celtic Twilight was congenial, but Mr. de Valera's Celtic Noonday proved a sore disappointment Bitterly, if not profoundly, he reflected:

Money is good and a girl might be better,
But good strong blows are delights to the mind.

Dreams became hopes, and hopes were disappointed, leaving only anger and love of violence. The dawn he expected did not

break; the half-light he celebrated was of evening, not morning,
and presaged darkness, not daylight. His last admiration was for
General O'Diifiy's Blue Shirts, whom he provided with a
marching-song.[11]

[11] Quoted in *The Poet and Society* by Philip Henderson.

Down the fanatic, down the clown,
Down, down, hammer them down,